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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

possible to go on about this book rather eagerly, and that in itself is almost an introduction to its strong personality, a personality with a sense of something partly eastern about it; but why a flavor of the Orient must cling mysteriously to all writings that conform to a semi-regular change of pitch is unexplained. Perhaps it is that the far extremes of pure lightness and seriousness are so commonly the possession of the Oriental, and so rarely ours.

Helen Birch-Bartlett

CRUCIBLE

Sun-up, by Lola Ridge. B. W. Huebsch.

The words of Lola Ridge are thrust into the turmoil of today's city like darting flames—they are a curse and a cry of revolt.

Emily Dickinson meant poetical solitude; she meant thinking solitude of a poetic kind, Chinese daintiness at times. Adelaide Crapsey meant sadness, sweet sadness; sometimes rebellion too, but a sweet sad rebellion. Amy Lowell means voluminous and disorderly culture, wordiness, exaggeration; which words may all go under a heading that would comprehend the case of most women artists—weakness. But as for Lola Ridge, to fit her case no diminutive adjective could serve. It is not a case of sweetness, nor of any of those qualities which, up to date, have been said to pertain to women writers. She is a poet, that's all.

Talk of propaganda here! I wish every poet had something as strong and virile to uphold. It is not a matter

of politics, it's a matter of such damning hatred and love as would turn a modern city to ashes. Virile?—it may be an insult to use that adjective, since Lola Ridge has begun an era in which for a woman to be virile, i. e., masculine, might mean to be weaker.

I think she is one of the most beautiful signs we have of woman's emancipation and independence. Let her be a socialist: this rebellion of hers is pure beauty; it is sanctified; it is nothing less than burning human blood; it is no longer that particular fact of the revolt against actual social conditions, which is, unfortunately, what affects today's socialists and anarchists: it is an eternal thing, the thing that caused Prometheus to be bound; it's the fire of heaven burning in this wonderful woman's blood.

Her words are so intensely vivid, they are so palpable, so physically tangible, that they whip or stab—they hurt: there is a ghastliness here caused by an excess of pain and sorrow. And it is her integrity of impulse and emotion that makes her shun more elaborate rhythm forms for a perfectly simple and equal one; although her rhythmical sense is richer than that of certain poets, who discover forms as one finds mushrooms after a rain.

Sun-up is a rhythmical story of the fantastic realism of a child. She too is a singer of delicacies—she too utters sweet words, or sweet sad words. The poet of *Sun-up* is a child in all its sweetness, besides being a child in all the fulness of its sometimes quaint, sometimes ironic, sometimes portentous magic:

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He will scream into the sky
And sparks will fly out of him.
He will burn and burn—
And his blazing hair
Shall light up the world.

It is a woman suffering, but with no subdued sorrow—
with the snarl of a lioness rather. It is a lioness flinging
herself madly against the walls of the ugly city.

Emanuel Carnevali

EVELYN SCOTT

Precipitations, by Evelyn Scott. Nicholas L. Brown.

I shall not forget the sensation—something like the suppressed excitement that you feel at the first inkling of some momentous event—with which I first read some of these poems. This must be fully two years ago, when some of us were working over a belated issue of *Others* and Evelyn Scott was still a mystery-woman in far-away Brazil.

The union of strongly contrasting qualities that I then found in her work is emphasized in the present collection. The clear searching vision, like an electric ray, that seems to focus—almost lovingly—upon decay and death, with a child's simplicity and eager response to every mood of earth. It is a child's wishful hands that reach out to

A little white thistle moon
Blown across the frozen heather;

and a child's quick, open-eyed wonder in these lines from
Winter Dawn: